

# MARMADUKE MULTIPLY STORIES

BOOK NO. 2



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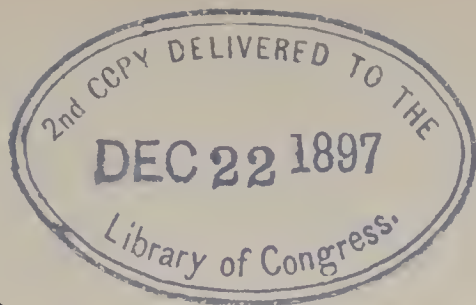
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# MARMADUKE MULTIPLY STORIES

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BY

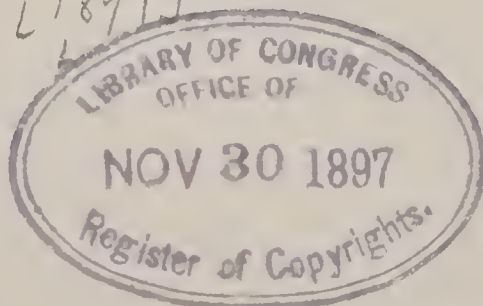
CAROLINE STARR MORGAN

*Author of "Ways that Win," "Esther Lawrence," and  
"Charlotte's Revenge"*



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From the Society's own Press



Affectionately Dedicated to  
Charlie, Rhoda, and Cecile  
BY THEIR  
"AUNT CARRIE"

*One, two,  
Buckle my shoe.  
Three, four,  
Shut the door.  
Five, six,  
Pick up sticks.  
Seven, eight,  
Lay them straight.  
Nine, ten,  
A good, fat hen.  
Eleven, twelve,  
The old axe helve.*

*—Marmaduke Multiply.*

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## POLLY AND FLUTTERWING

*“Nine, ten,  
A good, fat hen.”*





SUCH a pretty cottage as it was! with its steep roof, pointed dormer windows, soft gray color, fresh green blinds, and narrow, rambling piazza, which just now was hung with the fragrant yellow, white, and red blossoms of the climbing honeysuckle that shaded it.

A little way back of it there rose a gently sloping hill, covered with evergreens; on one side a shadowy grove stretched away until it lost itself in a great forest of giant trees; on the other, not far away, a silvery lake, on which a little boat was moored, glittered in the sunshine.

The front lawn was green and velvety; the flowers and blooming shrubs smiled as if they were happy to have such a pretty home; and the sparkling little fly-about fountain threw its shining shower of welcome drops as far as it could.



Behind the cottage there was a snug little barn, and a fine, large chicken house and yard, enclosed by a high wire fence. Here flocks of chickens, big and little, gay and somber, had the best kind of time. There were stately roosters, in their splendid, feathery dress, and dignified, proper hens, frisky little "broilers," who seemed to be nearly all legs, and tiny, downy, ball-like chicks, just out of the shell. Sometimes when they were all peeping, cackling, and crowing at once, the big chicken yard was a rather noisy place. But it was never too noisy to suit Polly, who lived in the pretty cottage with her mother, and who liked nothing better than to take care of her great lively family, which in its own funny way was quite devoted to her.

Polly and her mother were very sad just now, however, and the pretty cottage was very lonely, for Polly's dear father

had but lately died, and all the smiling sunshine seemed to have turned into a great, black shadow. Poor Polly could do nothing but cry for a while, but as the weeks went slowly by and she saw how it troubled her mother and how pale and sick she looked, she made up her mind that she must stop her crying and do her best to be more like the lively, cheerful Polly she used to be.

“Yes,” she said as she talked to herself one day in the woods—for Polly had no brothers and sisters, lived a long way from most of her friends, whose homes were quite in the city, and was so much alone that she often played she was another little girl, and carried on quite long talks with herself. “Yes, papa said that I must be mamma’s help and comfort, even though I was only eleven years old; that I must take good care of her, and not be sad because he had gone so far, far away.”

“So Polly,” she went on in a changed



voice, "stop your crying, and don't mope so much. Show that you can be a brave little woman, as your dear papa said, and turn over a new leaf right straight off, just this very minute."

"Yes, I will," and she wiped her wet eyes with her little handkerchief. "I'll stop my crying, think more about poor mamma, take better care of my dear chickens, and do the very best I can in every way. But oh, my dear, lost papa! my dear, lost papa!" and poor Polly threw herself down on the soft grass and, in spite of all she could do, the big, hot tears fell thick and fast.

"Tut, tut, little one," said a voice near her, a voice that sounded like the notes of a flute. "Tut, tut, what's become of all those good resolutions you were just making, I'd like to know."

Polly started up, wiped her eyes, and looked about her, but saw no one. "And I would like to know who's talking to me. I don't know your voice."

“ Very likely, although you’ve heard it many times. I’m only one of your old friends ; but you can’t guess who.”

Now Polly often talked to her pets just as she talked to herself, and she was sure that Rover, her big, black dog, and Tabby, her handsome cat, understood all that she said to them. Rover would talk back in all sorts of barks, growls, and wavings of his bushy tail, and Tabby in her mews, purrs, and clever little tricks. Polly often wished that they could talk just as she did, although she was certain that she knew what they meant, quite as well as if they did.

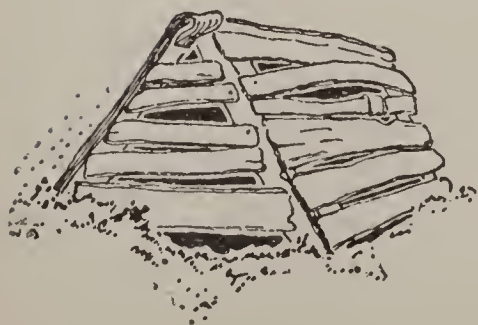
She had names for almost all of her big chickens, and when they came so quickly at her call, followed her about so obediently, and seemed so wise and sensible, she would keep up quite a lively chatter with them, talking away as if she knew exactly what all their peepings, cacklings, and crowings meant.

So when she heard that odd, flute-like

voice, and looking about, saw no one, she thought to herself, "Won't it be nice if Rover or Tabby is beginning to talk just as I do?" Springing forward, she called, "R-o-v-e-r," "T-a-b-b-y." but neither dog nor kitty appeared.

"It's only Flutterwing," said the voice, and who should appear but her large, handsome, gray-and-white speckled hen, her especial favorite, who in some way was quite different from all the others. She was walking toward her in a dignified way, bobbing her head and blinking her eyes.

"Well, well, Flutterwing," said Polly, to whom, strangely enough, it didn't seem a bit queer that her favorite should really be talking, "well, well, I knew you were clever; but who'd have thought of your talking all at once at such a rate," and she could not help laughing as Flutterwing stood there, first on one leg, and then on the other, and holding her head very high.





“Oh, I’m talking just as I always have talked,” said Flutterwing, with a little chuckle, “only you couldn’t understand what I said. But the good fairies love you and have opened your dull ears, because they want you to hear the message they have sent you by me.”

“A message from the fairies for me!” exclaimed Polly. “Why, you dear old Flutterwing, you are just too nice for anything. But do tell me why they gave the message to you.”

“That’s my secret,” answered Flutterwing, with a wise nod of her head.

“Well, anyway, I love you more than ever.”

“Don’t be too sure. You would better wait to hear the message.”

“Oh, if the good fairies sent it, it can’t be a bad one. And then, dear Flutterwing, you know I have always been very kind and good to you. Don’t you remember how I have talked to you and fed you and cared for you?”

“Yes, you have been very good, and we all love you. The fairies love you too, because you have such a kind, tender heart. But——”

“But tell me quick what the message is.”

“It is that you are to be a good, true little maiden, a comfort to your mother, and a help to those who need help. You must not think so much about your little self, and must stop fretting because you are not pretty and because your hair is red and your nose turns up a little.”

“But I just long to be pretty, like Mabel, and to have beautiful golden curls like Sally Moore’s. And I just hate little turned-up noses.”

“I’ve heard you say that before; but you can’t make things over by fussing about them. It might be worse.”

“I suppose it might. But is that all of the message?”

“No, that is not all. There are anxious days before you, when your

dear mother will not know what to do, or what is to come."

"Oh, Flutterwing, what do you mean?"

"I cannot tell you now; but when that time comes it will be you who can help her, if you will."

"What makes you say 'if you will'? Of course I will."

"But it may not be so easy. It will be hard work indeed, and there will be so many 'try, try, agains' that you will sometimes be ready to give it up," and Flutterwing walked back and forth in a solemn fashion, as if thinking how very hard it would be.

"But you know that I would do anything to help mamma."

"Well, you are sometimes selfish; you must give that up, and think less of yourself and more of others. You must not envy those who are richer or prettier than you are yourself. You must be more industrious and ready to work, and not think so much of having a good time.

You must be more careful what you say, and be honest and faithful in everything."

"Oh, pshaw!" said Polly, looking away. "I guess I'm just about as good as any of the other girls."

"But you ought to be better, and you can be, if you wish to be. The good fairies are ready to help you, if you are only ready to help yourself."

"But I thought you were going to say that they would make me lovely and pretty, and rich too, so that I could help mamma," said Polly in a disappointed tone. "That was what I wanted to hear."

"You will be lovely if your heart is true and lovely, and 'Pretty is that pretty does,' you know. As to being 'rich,' you will be rich enough to help your mother out of her trouble, if you'll bear in mind what I've said to you and do your best to be what you can be, if you choose." Flutterwing's bright eyes snapped, and she flapped her handsome

wings as if to make Polly feel the importance of what she was saying.

Polly was afraid she was going away, and didn't want to have her, and so she said gently: "Dear Flutterwing, please tell me more."

"No, I can't, not yet. But Polly dear, remember what I've said to you. Don't waste your time, save your pennies, mind your own business, and the good fairies will be your friends. Good-bye. I will see you again."

"Why, of course you will," said Polly, looking after her with some astonishment, as she walked slowly away. "And what a dear, lovely beauty you are! But how funny that you should begin to talk all at once. I just wish I knew what you meant. I shall not forget it, anyway, and I'll do my very best, as you said."

Bright and early the next morning she flew out to the chicken yard to find her favorite but—of all strange things! Flut-



terwing had not been seen since the day before. What had become of her? Nobody knew, and Polly was sadly disappointed. All the rest of the big family—roosters, hens, spring chickens, tender broilers, and little roly-polys, a regular procession—ran joyously to greet her; Rover watched her from the gate, and Tabby had her eye on her from the barn window, near by, but nothing pleased her so long as the very one that she wanted to see was not there.

The days and weeks went by, but no Flutterwing appeared, and Polly hardly knew what to think. But she had a very constant heart, was true to those she loved, and really believed in Flutterwing and her message from the fairies, for somehow she had always expected that they would do something for her. “But how funny that they should send me word through my dear Flutterwing!” she thought. So she began in earnest to do her best, determined to turn over more than

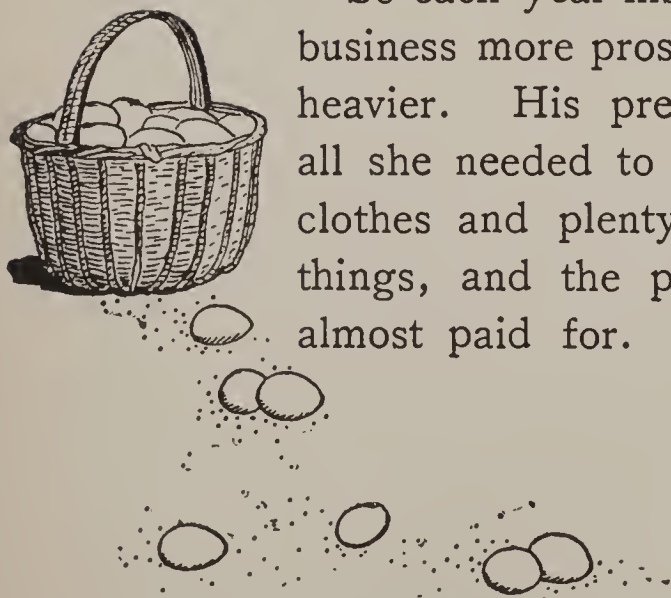
one new leaf and correct some of the faults Flutterwing had spoken of, for she knew well enough that she was sometimes selfish, once in a while envious, often a little lazy, and not always as frank and honest as she ought to be.

She soon found out, as Flutterwing had said, that it was not easy to break up bad habits, and it sometimes seemed so tiresome to be always thinking of what was right, that she had half a mind to give it all up and think no more of Flutterwing and the message. But Polly loved her mother more and more as the lonely days went by, and as she saw her step grow slower and her face more anxious she remembered about the "trouble" that was to come and the promised help of the good fairies if she did her best and went bravely on.

The fine chicken house and yard had not been built for ornament, nor were the chickens kept for mere pleasure, although Polly liked to feel that they were. Her

father had been partly an invalid, and was obliged to live out of doors. He loved the country and had a great fancy for choice poultry. So he had bought the pretty little cottage on the edge of the city, had planned and laid out his chicken-house and yard and begun to raise the finest poultry that was to be found in all that part of the country, which he could sell in the city close by. No chickens that anybody knew of were as good as his; he had orders from every direction; and if any housekeeper wanted to have especially nice angel cake, or kisses as light as air for some little girl's birthday party, she knew just where to send for the eggs that would never fail.

So each year his sales were larger, his business more prosperous, and his purse heavier. His precious little Polly had all she needed to make her happy, nice clothes and plenty of books and play-things, and the pretty little home was almost paid for. Then, just as all was



going so well, when he really seemed to be better, and they were so happy, there was a sudden change for the worse, and he died. Now, what was to be done?

“You and I must take up papa’s work, Polly,” said the dear mother one day, when she seemed sadder than ever. “We must keep up his good name, pay the few debts there are, and earn enough money from the chickens and eggs to finish paying for the house, so that we can keep our home. It will be hard, but if you will be brave, we can do it.”

“Keep our home!” echoed Polly, with a cry of distress. “Why, I thought it was ours. We just couldn’t live anywhere else. Of course we must keep it.”

“It is not ours until it is fully paid for,” replied her mother sorrowfully (“Oh, this is the ‘trouble,’” thought Polly); “and we must begin at once to see what we can do. I am more sorry for you than for myself.”

“Oh, no,” exclaimed Polly, jumping

up and giving her a kiss and a squeeze, "you needn't be. I know just what to do. I must save the pennies, mind my own business, be industrious and faithful, remember Flutterwing and the message, and then I am just sure that some good friends will help us. Now I know what she meant."

"But I haven't the least idea what you mean," said her mother; "you have had so much to say about Flutterwing lately."

"But I know what I mean, and it is something just beautiful—secret, though," said Polly, frisking about much like a kitten. "By and by, when it comes to pass, as I am sure it will, I'll tell you all about it; but now, I don't know whether to laugh or to cry," and she was so afraid the tears would come, in spite of herself, that she darted off and ran down into the grove, where her big hammock swung between two great trees, and where she could think everything out all by herself.



“It is too dreadful,” she said, choking back a big sob. “You know it would almost break your heart, Polly, to go away from your dear, pretty home. But what can a little girl like you do?”

“Not so very much, I suppose,” she replied, in her altered voice. “But stop crying, that’s a good beginning, and then set your wits to work. Your teacher says you are smart enough, and now is your chance to show it.”

“I just wish I was a boy, Polly, a big, splendid boy,” she went on, “and then I’d show it. Then I would do something that was something.”

“I should think you’d be ashamed to say that,” replied the altered voice. “A splendid girl is as good as a splendid boy, any day, and you know more than some boys; you know you do.”

She was, in truth, a very wide-awake, capable little girl, and in spite of her red hair and the despised nose, which really did look up a wee bit, instead of down,

as it ought to have done, she had a fresh, sunshiny face, with a lovely color in her cheeks, and a pretty manner that made her quite a favorite. She liked to read and play much better than to work, generally knew her own mind pretty well, and was very quick to think and act. She knew how to do exactly as she was told, which is a very good thing to know, and an art that some boys and girls never learn.

So as she swung in her shady hammock and thought and thought, all kinds of plans flew through her busy brain. When evening came, and she and her mother were in the cozy sitting room that her dear father loved so much, talking over what it was best to do, she had several bright plans to tell, some of which would have done credit to a much older head than hers.

“ We must put a notice in the papers,” she said, “ a kind of notice that people will look at, telling them that they can

still buy what they want here, just as they always have done.”

So the notice was sent to the city papers, and a bright new sign was put up in the front yard, which was also Polly's idea. Their faithful man, Johann, who knew the business well, and his kind-hearted wife, Rosel, both of whom had lived with them for a long time and wanted to stay, were engaged for another year, and Polly went to work “with all her might,” as she said.

She fairly flew about, did all the errands for her mother, helped her keep her books, bought a bright-colored, spick and span new one for herself, and made out her own list of all the poultry, which was quite a piece of work. She kept note of the orders they received, and when Johann was busy helped him fill them out. She often went with him to market, where she seemed to know just how to sell chickens and eggs, so as to get the very best price.



“Ach, she’s a regular little brick,” said Johann to Rosel.

“Oh, I just love to be a business girl,” she said joyously to herself one day. “And to think that I am really earning money, and that the dear house is going to be truly ours! It’s too nice for anything! I do wonder what Flutterwing thinks, and I do believe the good fairies are helping me, because I’m trying so very, very hard.”

“Of course they are,” said the flute-like voice quietly, and suddenly Flutterwing came in sight, just as if it were the most every-day thing.

“Oh, you dear thing!” said Polly, rushing toward her like a small cyclone. “I was afraid you had forgotten all about me.”

“Not a bit of it, little one; nor have the fairies either. They are watching you; they know all about what a good girl you are trying to be, and how well you are succeeding.”



“Oh, do they? how I’m trying to be unselfish, and to take good care of mamma?” she asked anxiously, with the bright color coming into her cheeks.

“Yes.”

“And how I’m so busy that I don’t keep wishing I was pretty, as I used to, nor keep thinking about the things other girls have that I don’t?”

“Yes.”

“And how I’m saving all my pennies and earning all I can, so that we can keep our pretty home?”

“Yes, indeed.”

“And how I’m trying to be faithful and true in every way?”

“Yes, they know all about it, and they love you better than ever. You are learning what it is to be truly happy, although there are some dark days for even good little girls.”

“Darker than we have had?” asked Polly, with a trembling lip.

Flutterwing seemed to be thinking just



what to answer, when suddenly Polly burst out: "Oh, Flutterwing, did you ever hear of the goose that laid the golden egg? and couldn't you lay one for us? Just think how lovely it would be!"

"A golden egg!" said Flutterwing, with a funny sort of chuckle. "The best golden egg that I know of is right down in your own little heart, if it is good, pure, and true."

"But a real golden egg would be so beautiful," answered Polly in a disappointed tone; "and perhaps it would keep away the dark days."

"No, they are coming. But keep right on doing the best you know how; try to be better, wiser, and more helpful to others each day; take good care of the golden egg down in your own warm heart, and when the worst comes, the good fairies will help you. Remember that they are watching you, and that your dear Flutterwing loves you, although you

will see her no more.” Then she suddenly vanished, as she had before, while Polly stood thinking, trying to recall all that she had said.

She half hoped to find her when she went out to the chicken-yard in the morning; but no, Flutterwing was not there, nor had any one else seen her, and Polly wondered if she were indeed gone forever. She did not like to think so; but the time slipped by, and weeks came and went, and still no Flutterwing, although Polly was all the time watching,

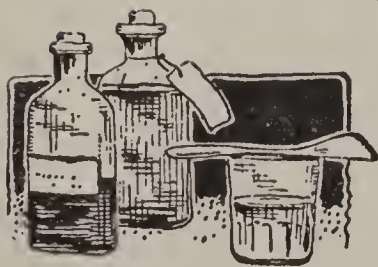
“But I’ll not forget her,” she said to herself many times. “I’ll remember the golden egg down in my heart, and though I have to work hard at home and at school, and don’t have much time to read or play, I won’t mind it, so long as mamma is well and cheerful, and we can earn so much money.”

They had paid all the debts made at the time of her father’s sickness and death, as well as a part of what was

owing on their pretty home. They had made some improvements in the house and grounds, and Polly was taking music and drawing lessons, which she delighted in. How pleasant it all was!

But the dark days Flutterwing' had told about came, and Polly was at her wits' end. First honest Johann was sick, and before he was fairly well her mother was taken very ill, and for weeks it looked as if she could not live. Poor Polly had to send for the doctor, find a nurse, take her mother's place as well as her own, so that the business should not suffer, and pay the many little bills that had to be met. She kept a bright and cheerful face, although she was tired and anxious, and could hardly keep from crying as she saw the precious little hoard of money they had been saving for the next payment on the cottage, disappear little by little.

Still if the dear mother could only live and be quite well again, she was sure



they could manage someway, for had not the good fairies promised, through Flutterwing, that help should come from somewhere? and was not her mother looking brighter and better every day? She was sure she was, and so each morning Polly took a fresh supply of hope and courage, and went about her work singing some pretty little song, so that the poor invalid should not guess what a sorry heart she sometimes had.

“Take yourself off out of doors, down into your favorite grove, or somewhere else, Miss Polly,” said her good friend, the kind doctor, one afternoon, the first day that her mother was moving slowly about her room. “Run out into the fresh air, where you can get your pretty roses back. You are quite too pale and peaked for a twelve-year-old miss, and I’ll have you on my hands next, if you don’t look out. Your mother’s all right now; she’ll be up in quick order. You have been a precious,

lovely daughter," he added gently, "and you will have your reward. Run along now, as quick as you can go, and keep out of sight for a while, or I shall be after you."

Away she went, with her quick, light step, and was soon swaying idly back and forth in her favorite hammock.

"She is a treasure," said the doctor, watching her as she disappeared. "Will you give her to me? Of course not; it's no use suggesting such a thing; but what wouldn't I give for such a precious child of my own? She's pure gold. And now what can I do for her? I'm bound to do something, and you must tell me what."

These were pleasant words for the dear mother's sad heart, and then she and the good doctor, who had very clear eyes and knew a great deal about little girls, had a long, long talk, during which Polly's ears would have burned had she not been fast asleep. The talk was



surely a very pleasant one, for when the good doctor went away he looked as cheerful as could be, and although Mrs. Wilson's eyes were wet with tears, her lips were smiling and her thoughts seemed very happy ones.

Polly found her hammock very easy that sunshiny afternoon, and it was not long before she had swung herself into a restful little nap. "How good and kind everybody is to me," she said half aloud, just as she was slipping off into dream-land.

"That is because you are good and kind to everybody," echoed a chorus of sweet voices, and could Polly have looked around, she would have seen a train of dainty little fays floating in the air about her, who were singing a beautiful lullaby, that her sleep might be sweet, and waving their fairy fans to keep away anything that could disturb her. "She has grown so lovely and is such a darling that we must watch and guard her," they

whispered to each other, looking at her lovingly, and throwing fragrance over her from the crystal perfume-holders on their gauzy fans. No wonder that Polly's dream was as bright as a ray of sunshine, and that she looked as fresh as a May morning when she ran in to her mother after her summer nap.

"Someway I am so glad, mamma," she said, giving her a shower of kisses; "and now you are getting well, it will all come out right, I'm sure it will."

"Yes, it will come out right," replied her mother with a happy smile, which Polly did not quite understand.

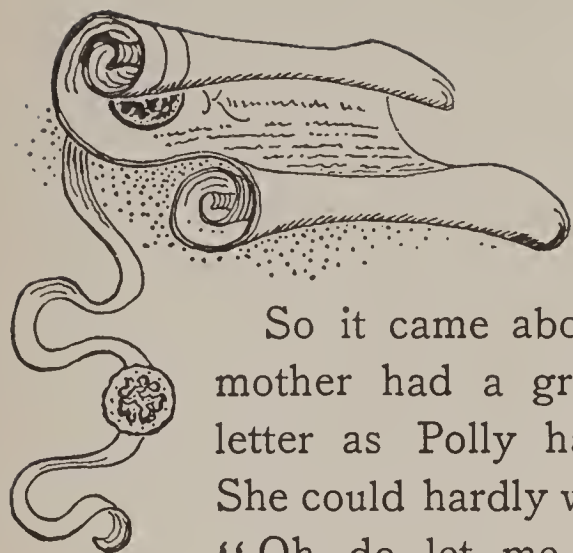
In just a few days the good doctor went to see Mr. Haynes, the gentleman who owned the cottage, and was very glad to find that he was much interested in Polly and her mother, and thought Polly quite a remarkable little girl,

"So she is," said the doctor; "the brightest bit of baggage I know anything about. She always was a nice

little thing; but she has been made over since her father died, and shows as much good sense and ability as many a woman. She is industry itself, and as unselfish and faithful as the day is long. She has carried on that business like a man ever since her mother was sick, and now I propose to help her."

"She is very smart, and I myself have seen how faithful and conscientious she is," said Mr. Haynes warmly. "Such a child deserves help. What do you propose to do for her?"

"Why, I shall make no charge for my many visits there, and the child is so wrapped up in the hope to own their pretty home, that I was going to suggest that we should between us present it to them. Her mother tells me that two hundred dollars is still due. If you will let off one half of that, I will pay you the other half. Besides, I intend to see that the way is made pretty smooth for her."



So it came about that one day Polly's mother had a great, big letter, such a letter as Polly had never seen before. She could hardly wait until it was opened. "Oh, do let me see it!" she begged. When her mother handed her the deed to the pretty cottage, and told her what it meant, and that it had come about through her because of her faithfulness, industry, and unselfishness, she was almost beside herself with joy and cried a big cry, just for happiness.

"Now I know what my dear, dear Flutterwing meant," she said. "It is all true, and I believe that she was the real good fairy herself, just come down to earth to help me. Anyway, I've found out about the real, true 'golden egg,' and I'll never, never forget it as long as I live." And she never did.



## DICK'S TALKATIVE FRIENDS

*“ Eleven, twelve,  
The old axe helve. ’*





DICK DANFORTH'S toys and tools, books and games, had come to the point where they would not stand it any longer, and had resolved that they would have an "indignation meeting."

"What is the use," they said to one another, "of being abused all our lives, when we ought to be so happy? Why are we so stupid as to sit still and bear it all without saying a word? We have done it long enough, and now let us have our say about it."

Just how to do it was the question; so to find out they kept up a lively chatter for some days, and as they did not all think alike and each one had something to say that must be said, they made about as much noise and stir over it as so many wide-awake boys and girls would have done. But they were in earnest, and at

last agreed that they would meet the next afternoon in Dick's workshop, which was a fine large loft in his father's handsome barn.

"You know a lot of his biggest things live up there," said a well-worn pair of hard-wood clappers, with a shake; "and we little fellows can slip in anywhere."

"Let us say two o'clock," chimed a little Swiss bell, "and I'll ring the hour, if you'll please excuse my cracked voice."

"Guess we'll have to, seeing we are all in the same box," growled a porcelain pug, whose snub nose was gone.

"And I'll keep you company, for once," mewed a big black cat on rollers, both of whose eyes were gone. "I'll have my say this time sure, and I only wish that Master Dick himself could be there to hear it."

"Are you dunce enough to think he would care?" asked a tall tin soldier, who leaned against the wall because he had but one leg. "I have talked and



talked to him, and that is all the good it has done. He is a selfish pig."

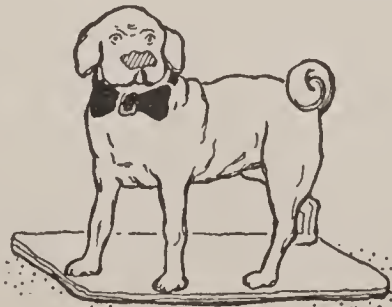
"Suppose we save our hard names until to-morrow and then do the business all at once," said a big, good-natured rubber ball, which looked much the worse for wear. "I have a remark or two to make myself."



"Agreed!" shouted some shabby dominoes, which were scattered about here and there. "If we can manage to get together once more, we'll be there and have something to say too."

"And we'll be ready for you," said the large, hard-wood workbench, which for once had left the workshop. "I know I'm daubed with paint, and not as good looking as I once was, but I can be polite, all the same, and we'll make you welcome."

"Thank you for your politeness," answered a dandy little riding whip; "I'd crack my lash in your honor, if I had one. But I'll be there on time, and if



all works well, who knows but that I'll come out with a fine new lash? It would be worth while living then."

"I'll start out and give the notice of the meeting," said a large, gay-colored marble, rolling up. "I can do it, even if I am cracked and chipped, for I have lots of pluck, and as I have something important to say, I want a crowd to hear it."

This was a good idea, so with many good wishes, the polite, shining marble went about its work in the best of spirits, rolling here, there, and everywhere, and inviting all in the most pleasing style. It promised the best kind of a lively, spicy time, and would not allow any one to decline, even though some said they were too much used up, or that their dress was too poor to be seen in public.

"The worse off you are, the more you are wanted, and the better impression you will make," was the reply of the clever marble. "So come along, and

those of us who are not quite so badly off as you are, will see you safely home."

The next morning was "too lovely for anything," as Dick's sentimental little cane, with its tiger-eye knob, remarked; it was so sunshiny and warm that all the poor old tools, toys, books, and games, were able to get out and make the best of themselves. The brighter, newer, younger ones were there, of course, and when the Swiss bell rang and they scrambled up the stairs to the loft and flocked into the big, airy workshop, it was not long before it was pretty well filled.

The workbench, scroll saw, and printing press, were all smiles and graces, if they were rather rusty looking, and soon made everybody feel at home. There were "good-afternoons" and "how-do-you-dos," and many a pleasant greeting between old friends who had not met for a long time; and then some spry, slender arrows, which had lost their feathers, showed them to their places.



They had so much to say to each other, so many things to tell and to hear, and had such a good time doing it, that they hardly knew how to stop. But at last they were ready; the talk and clatter ceased; it was quiet, and the important business began.

While all this is going on, we must look after Master Dick himself. He was a bright little boy, full of life and spirits, always active, and ready for almost anything. He had pretty nearly everything he wanted, and so perhaps did not think as much of his playthings as he would have done if he had had fewer of them. He was careless about them, tired of them quite too soon, would take some of them apart to see how they were made, and then throw them aside as if they were good for nothing. He had enough "traps," as he called them, to stock a first-class junk shop, and his torn, dirty, dog-eared, marked-up books, made a shabby little library all by themselves.



He had been talked to and scolded about these naughty habits, and often promised and meant to do better and to turn over a new leaf that would stay turned. But alas, he never did, and the kind aunt he really loved, who took the place of the dear mother he had lost when he was a baby boy, was sometimes almost out of patience with him.

“No, Dick,” she said one afternoon, “you are warm and tired, and you cannot go out on your bicycle again until it is cooler. Besides, before you go anywhere or do anything else, you must pick up the things you have scattered about the room. Just see how it looks!”

“Don’t want to see how it looks; don’t want to pick up the things,” he replied grumbling. “Why can’t Mary do it?”

“Mary shall not, even if she could,” said his aunt; “so we will have no more words about it,” and she was so decided that he had to do as he was told, though

he had such a big, black scowl on his face, that he did not look much like his usually pretty little self.

“Now,” said his aunt, as the last book was put in its place, “you may stay here with me, if you will get rid of that dreadful frown, which really frightens me, or you may go into your play room, or out to the workshop, as you choose. You must try to be contented in one place or the other until you get rested and the sun goes down. Suppose you take a nap here on the lounge.”

“It is only lazy boys who take naps,” said Dick, with a superior air, “and I’m not one of them. Guess I’ll go out to the shop; want to make something; and besides, a fellow can sling things around there just as much as he has a mind to.”

So off he went, and on his way pounded a cracked croquet ball until he broke it in two. He ran up into the shop, intending to make a new kind of sling he had heard of, for he was clever in the use of his

tools. As usual, just those he needed were not to be found, the right kind of wood was not at hand, and besides, he was really warm and tired, yes, and cross into the bargain.

“Guess I’ll take a nap, after all,” he thought. “Can’t find what I want, and don’t feel like working, anyway.”

Opening a door into a large room next to the shop, he took down an old carriage robe from a hook, and spreading it out on a large pile of hay, threw himself down, stretched out his tired legs, and made up his mind to sleep until he could be off for another bicycle ride.

He was nearing the “land of shut-eye,” half awake and half asleep, with all sorts of fancies flitting through his brain, when he suddenly heard queer noises, quite different from anything he had ever heard before. He started up, thinking he was dreaming. But no, there really was a clatter, a very queer one. What was it? He rubbed his eyes, shook

himself, and looked carefully around. A minute later he was wide awake, and listening with all his might.

He had left the door into his shop partly open, and although half afraid, he carefully loosened some hay so as to make a sort of screen for himself, and as quietly as possible scrambled behind it, where he could have a good look into the shop without being seen.

Such a sight as he saw! He could hardly believe his eyes, and pinched himself again to be sure that he was not dreaming after all. There, lying down, standing up, leaning against each other, or propped up against the wall, and huddled together in all sorts of ways so as to quite fill up the big room, were most of his books, games, toys, and tools, many old broken ones he had forgotten all about, and newer and brighter ones, which had been thrown aside or mistreated. There was the fine scroll saw, that used to be his delight, talking

to them! He was so astonished that he almost lost his breath, and hardly dared move lest he should lose a word.

“Yes,” it was saying, “it is high time we should assert our rights. We have been abused long enough, as you can see by looking at poor me, and it is our duty to demand a change. This is an open meeting; every one that wishes to do so can speak, but we must all be brief and to the point.”

“But what if there isn’t any point? Mine is gone,” said a handsome gold pen, in a mournful tone, and then they all laughed.

“I would report the meeting,” said the printing press, blushing for its dusty coat, “but like the rest of you, I have been abused and Master Dick has scattered my fine type to the winds.”

“I know how to feel for you,” groaned the tool chest, as it pushed up its lid. “I once was full, but now I am empty. Little he cares about it, though.”



“And I,” said the handsome red king, from the chess box, “was once the happy ruler of contented subjects; but Master Dick let them run wild, and now I am sad and alone.”

“We know all about it,” moaned a few little checkers, in chorus. “We served him well, but he forgot all about us, and our circle is broken.”

“You are not the only ones that Master Dick forgets,” said a large book, whose cover was all gone. “I once was a beauty in blue and gold, with tinted pages and lovely pictures. Now look at my dirt and tatters.”

“And mine too,” echoed a little volume with loose leaves. “You would not believe it now, but I was a gem of beauty. Haven’t I a right to complain of him? Take a good view of me, and answer.”

“I should say so,” hissed a steam engine, which was covered with rust and had two or three tumble-down cars trailing behind it. “But you are quite too meek and



mild to suit my fiery temper. I feel like rushing madly over that careless Master Dick and smashing him up for good, when I think of what I once was."

"I agree with you," shrieked the discordant notes of a little mouth organ; "for my tones were as sweet as a seraph's until he banged me about and ruined me. I'd like to shriek these discords in his ear for the rest of his life. Wouldn't he rue the day he spoiled me, though?"

Dick winced in his nook behind the hay as he heard these bitter complaints. His conscience pricked, his heart grew heavy, and he wondered anxiously if they never would get through. It did not look much like stopping, for there was one of his many cast-aside knives beginning in a cutting tone:

"Just take a look at me, please. I am made of the best of steel and the finest materials every way, but have been so abused that I am good for nothing, although there is lots of work in me yet.

I would like mighty well to be sharpened up, and give Master Dick a taste of how good it feels to be abused."

"So would I!" said a big sled up in the corner. "I would be just as good as ever I was, if he would have that runner put on. He acts as if he thought we had no feelings. I would just run him off somewhere and get rid of him, if I was as smart as I once was."

"And I am just perishing for some oil on my poor wheels," creaked a dusty little cart that tried in vain to move. "I wonder how Master Dick would like it if he didn't have anything to eat."

Now Dick really loved this little dusty cart, with its big wheels and handsome finish, even if he had neglected it, and when he heard these pitiful words he felt like rushing right in there and promising never, never to do so again. But another voice began, and he waited to listen.

"I came from Switzerland," squeaked a poor little music box, in the shape of a

black bear, which looked as if it had just come out of a fight, "and I wish I was back there again. Swiss boys don't have so many things, and think more of those they have; they take good care of them too. If some one only would take me back, how glad I would be!"

"I came from there too," said the handsome marble that had given the invitations to the meeting, "and I just wish I had stayed there. There were six of us, and such beauties as we were! all onyx, and agate, and carnelian, and jasper. Now I only am left, and just look at my poor chipped side and this great ugly crack! If I was only big and smart enough, I'd manage to chip his side and crack his head for him. I guess he wouldn't like it any better than I do."

"Of course I wouldn't," thought Dick; "and they were beauties, sure enough. I'm awful sorry."

"And I said I had something to say," squeaked the big rubber ball. "If Mas-

ter Dick had taken care of me, I'd be good for many a day yet. But he never seemed to mind what became of me, and though I always did him proud, he would leave me out in the rain or under the broiling sun, until I got the ague and the rheumatiz, and here I am, good for nothing, when I might have been as spry as a cricket. He is an ungrateful wretch, and I'd like to tell him so."

"Oh, I know it, I know it," gasped poor Dick; "but I've heard enough, I can't stand any more," and with as little noise as possible, he slipped down from his place and crawled to the opposite door, meaning to run down the back stairs and get away. But alas, it was locked, and there was no getting away except through the shop, and that he could not think of, for there was no telling what the excited company might do to him. What was to be done?

As he was fairly caught, he finally decided that he might as well hear what

more they had to say, after all, and so he stole back to his place and peeked again into the workshop. They were still talking and seemed to be getting quite excited, for two or three were speaking at once and there was so much noise and confusion that he could hardly hear what was said. Finally the steel hammer, which had rapped for order many times, rusty as it was, at last gained some degree of silence, and then in its polite way the good-natured workbench said:

“ We have been here a long time; it is growing late and we are getting tired and cross. There are many yet to speak and we must have some resolutions to present to Master Dick, so I think we would better meet again to-morrow afternoon to finish. All in favor of this motion will please manifest it by saying ‘ Yes,’ ” and then what a clatter there was! every one wanting to be heard above every one else.

Dick was as still as a mouse for fear

they would catch a glimpse of him as they passed the door, and they were so long in going away, that he grew tired enough waiting. Many of them were so old and lame, so full of aches and pains, that they had to take their time, and when he saw how hard they found it to get about, he was really sorry, for he was a tender-hearted little fellow, in spite of his heedless ways.

“If only I had treated them well and taken good care of them,” he said, half aloud, “perhaps they’d be all right yet. I’m awful sorry,” he said, sitting down on a bench in his shop. Looking around he wondered how he could manage to make things look a little better.

“I heard what you said,” remarked the scroll saw, walking toward him, “and we are sorry too; but that won’t make us over; wish it would.”

“So do I,” said poor Dick; “but do stop; I just can’t stand any more of this.” Jumping up he went rushing pellmell



down the stairs, as if all his old traps were after him. He fairly flew into the house, seized a book, and sat down to read with it bottom side up.

“Why, Dick, my dear, what is the matter?” asked his aunt, noticing his flushed face and disturbed look.

“Oh, nothing much, but I do wish we could go out to grandpa’s for a while,” he replied, longing to get far away, so he could forget all he had just seen and heard. “Can’t we, Aunt Mary? Do say ‘Yes.’”

“Has some friendly little bird been whispering in your ear?” she replied, smiling. “Just wait until your papa comes and hear what he has to say about it. Ah, there he is now.” Guessing something happy from her tone, Dick sprang to meet him, tossing aside his book and upsetting his aunt’s workbasket in his haste.

“Hello, my boy; but don’t throw me over,” exclaimed Mr. Danforth, as Dick

made a wild rush at him. "How are you ? ready to be off for grandpa's bright and early to-morrow morning, or have you too much important business on hand ?"

"Guess not," said Dick joyfully, "and I am awfully glad we're going. It's just the thing, couldn't be better, and you are the jolliest papa that ever lived."

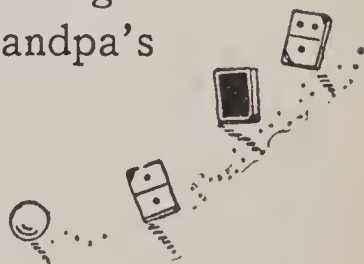
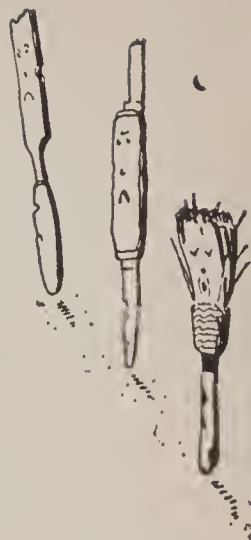
Dick thought that there was no place quite as nice as grandpa's, and to go there now, just when he was so anxious to get away, was good indeed. So he took himself off to bed almost with the chickens, so as to be on time in the morning, determined to forget all that "bothersome business," and to have just the best kind of time.

But the mischievous dream fairy did not intend that he should get off as easy as all that, so she set her old spinning wheel to work, and oh, such dreams as she spun for him out of that busy brain of his ! A small army of tattered books

and pictures seemed to be marching up on one side of him; a regiment of battle-stained games and puzzles on the other. All the tools, scroll saws, and printing-presses he had ever seen or heard of, rushed up behind him on the double quick, and a mountain of broken toys and playthings of every description, over which he had to climb if he would escape from all these enemies rose up in front of him. It all seemed real, and such a time as he had!

At last the mischievous dream fairy got tired of her spinning, or else her tender-hearted sister, the slumber fairy, got the better of her, and Dick at last fell into the sweet sleep which is just the thing for tired bones and busy brains. So he woke up the next morning bright and fresh, all ready for the delightful trip ahead.

“ Well, Dick, you fell on your feet this time, didn’t you ? ” said his father laughingly, when upon reaching “ grandpa’s



dear old place'' they found that some of his many men were busy felling trees. ''I suppose you think that it is a great piece of good fortune.''

''Guess I do,''' said Dick, with a hop, skip, and jump. ''It's the best kind of fun and I'm glad, glad, glad! I helped them when I was here before and grandpa says I may do it again. He has promised to pay me too, and I shall just live in my old clothes.''' He was out of his fine suit and into his corduroys in five minutes.

It did not take him long, either, to find his way out into the beautiful grove where the work was going on, and some of the men who remembered the bright-faced boy, had a hearty greeting for him,

''I am going to work too,''' he told them gleefully. ''Grandpa says I can have the old axe again, and if I don't pitch right in and show what I can do, my name isn't Dick Danforth; 'cause he is going to pay me, you know. Won't it be fine, though?''

“First rate, if you’ll mind your P’s and Q’s a little better than you did before,” replied the good-natured giant of a foreman, who had won Dick’s deep admiration by his size and great strength.

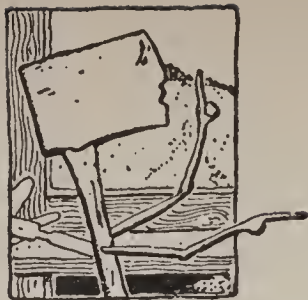
“I wonder what he means,” thought Dick. But he was not going to show that he wondered, so he tried to act as if he did not hear, and merely asked where the old axe was.

“Just where it belongs—and where you must put it when you are through with it—up in the tool house; and mind that you remember what I say, if you don’t want to get into trouble,” was the reply, and Dick skipped off to get it.

“Sure enough, there you are up in the corner, just where I found you before; and now we are ready for no end of fun,” he exclaimed, reaching out his hand to take hold of it.

Now he did not know that the good fairy of law and order, who had no patience with careless, heedless boys and





girls and liked nothing better than to make them trouble, was a great friend, not only of the old axe, but of all his neglected, abused tools and toys. It was she that had at first planned the meeting in the workshop, and she had waved her magic wand over them so that they could talk like people; and now here she was, ready to help the old axe, whose tongue her fairy wand had loosened, so that it too could talk.

“No, you don’t!” it snapped out as Dick’s hand came near. “I have had enough of you; touch me if you dare.”

“Dear me,” thought Dick, starting back, “what has got into everything to talk at such a rate? Can’t a fellow have any peace?” and he had half a mind to run off. But he didn’t want to show the white feather and was curious to hear what was coming next, so he stood quite still, and putting on a brave face, asked politely, “Well, well, Mr. Axe, what’s the matter? What are you cross at me for?”



"Matter enough," answered the axe, which was stalking about and working itself up into quite a rage. "I have had enough of you, as I said, and you'd better keep your distance, if you don't want to get hurt."

"Why, what have I done?" asked Dick, in a kind of shiver.

"Done!" said the axe scornfully. "You came near being the death of me."

"I didn't mean to," Dick said meekly.

"Fiddlesticks! Who cares for such a good-for-nothing excuse as that, I'd like to know?"

"It's true, all the same. But please, what did I do? I wish you'd tell me."

"Well, you know all about my family history, for I have heard you tell it; how I belonged to your great-grandfather when he was a boy, and to your grandfather and father, when they were no bigger than you are now."

“Yes, and I know they thought lots of you too.”

“Of course they did, for I always did my work well. I was a fine creature, my helve of the hardest, most durable wood, and my fine blade of tested steel.”

“I know that too, for I have heard them say so ever so many times.”

“Well, they knew a thing or two when they were boys, if you don’t, and had sense enough to take good care of me, so that when you came along, although I was old and not so handsome as I once was, I was in such good trim that I could do as fine a stroke of work as ever, and beat the spry, young axes every time.”

“I bet you can do it now too.”

“No thanks to you if I can. Not satisfied with using me in the most heedless way and throwing me around just as if I had no pride or feeling, you finally went off—good riddance—leaving me in that miserable, damp little hollow down by the old spring.”

“ I didn't know it.”

“ Of course you didn't, for you never look after anything. You needn't pretend you do, for I know very well what all your things think of you, and how they have been going for you. I'm ready to help them too.”

“ Oh, don't!” said Dick, who was getting more than he had planned for. “ I'm going to do better.”

“ Nonsense! You have said that so many times that it doesn't count. You must have a lesson, and a good big one too. But just hear the rest: I stayed in that horrid hollow, which soon got completely filled up with leaves, water, and mud, until I was nearly ruined. I could not get out by myself; they could not find me for weeks, although they searched far and near; and when they did, I was a sight to see. My fine blade was all rust, and as soon as it was touched dropped off; my beautiful, polished helve looked like a miserable, every-day stick; its

little nickel band with the initials was gone, and altogether I thought my end had come."

"I'm awful sorry about it," said Dick, in a low voice, "but very glad that they fixed you all up so nice again."

"Yes, they knew my worth if you didn't. But I'll never be my fine old self again; my poor helve had to be rubbed down and scraped until I thought there wouldn't be any of it left, and my blade was sent off with the old iron. I don't care much for this one, although it does very well for a modern axe, and altogether I'd just about as soon not live at all."

"But I'll think just as much of you as ever," said Dick, brightening up, "for you are stronger and sharper yet than any other axe I know of. You are just fine, so let's be friends, and I'll try to make up to you all I can, for I am dreadfully sorry and won't be so careless any more."

“All right, then,” replied the old axe, snuggling up to him. “I am devoted to boys and always have a good time with them when they treat me well. Stick to your promise and we will be the best of friends, but forget it, and there is no telling what I may do; there is nothing like knowing how to take care of one’s self. But come along,” and slipping itself into Dick’s hand, which grasped it warmly, off they went to the grove to have their share in the work which was going merrily on.

Now Dick really liked to work, especially when he could have a hand in something men were doing; so he swung the old axe, which was rather heavy for a small boy, with such a good will that he made some capital strokes, and was proud enough to hear more than once, the “first rate” of the big foreman.

For a little while all went well. He was as industrious as if he had his own bread and butter to earn, and the old axe was

as carefully rubbed up and put away as if it had been made of glass.

“Ha, ha!” it thought, “he has really learned a little lesson, it seems; let us see how long he will remember it.” But the clever old creature said nothing, though it kept on thinking; and Dick quite prided himself on the new leaf he had turned over.

Now, if new leaves would only stay turned over, what a jolly thing it would be! But alas, they don’t, and Dick speedily learned how very easy it was for them to fly back, taking all his good resolves with them. That was something that the true-hearted old axe, backed up by the good fairy of law and order, had no notion of standing.

“That little lesson doesn’t count; he must have a bigger one,” it moaned to itself, lying helpless on the ground where he had thrown it the night before. “He is getting tired of work, even though he does love the shining nickels that slip



out of old master's pocket into his, and so he is getting tired of me. This is the fourth night he has left me out to look after myself; my poor blade is getting all nicked and rusty, and here I am this horrid morning, drenched with rain and shivering in this cold air, while he, no doubt, is having a fine time beside the great blazing fire in the library. It is too bad!"

"Yes," whispered the good fairy, "it is too bad. He really thinks a great deal of you, and means well, but he is so shiftless, careless, and forgetful, that all his good intentions go for nothing. Yes, for his own sake—for he is at heart a good little boy—we must teach him a lesson that he will remember, one that will last him for the rest of his life."

"A sure one," said the axe. "I have been thinking about it and have it all planned. Help me up and I'll tell you all about it."

"You have made up your mind that

you have stood it long enough, have you?" asked the fairy, giving him her fairy hand. "You know I am ready to help you, and I have a pleasant surprise for you besides."

"Oh, I wonder what!" said the old axe joyously. "But about Master Dick. Of course he'll find me in my corner tomorrow, thanks to you, and I'll give him just one more chance. If he brings me back, all right for that time. If he doesn't, if he throws me down anywhere, as he has so many times, then with your help I would like to disappear for good. Couldn't you whisk me off to fairyland? I could do ever so many things for you there, and I have had about enough of this hard, thankless world."

"Just what I had in mind," said the good fairy, in her gentle tones. "You shall have your reward, for you have been faithful and true, and although your lot here has been a lowly one, you have done your best and fulfilled every duty well."

My magic wand shall make your life in fairyland one of beauty and joy. But we'll talk more of this by and by, and in the meantime I will see that the old master makes such a fuss about your being lost that young Master Dick will have a hot time of it, a time he'll never forget, one that will make him think and mend his ways for good."

"I'm sorry," said the old axe, which was still shivering with the cold, "for I like boys and hate to have them punished. But he'll be of no use in this world the way he is doing now; he'd better learn his lesson before it is too late, and the old master is a good one to teach it to him."

"Yes, with your help," said the fairy. "We'll make a man of him between us, and you shall have your shining reward," and away she floated, leaving the faithful old axe to dream of the smiling future awaiting it.

Dick spent all that long, rainy day by

the blazing fire, as the old axe suspected, and so the next morning, when the sun shone bright and clear, he was quite ready to be off with the men, thinking it pleasant, after the dull day in the house, to go to work again, and eager to pocket some more of the shining nickels.

“You must be more careful of the axe,” said the big foreman, pointing to the blade, which had to be well sharpened before it could do anything. “The old master sets great store by it, and won’t stand any more such nonsense as we had before. You’d better look out, if you don’t want to catch it.”

These words set Dick to thinking, and he shivered a little, for he knew that his grandpa could be very severe when he chose. He worked away industriously, chopping, chopping, and quite enjoying it that sunshiny morning, very sure, as he thought and thought, that he would be more careful and not merit the reproof he feared.

He was almost through with what he had been given to do, when along came one of his friends in a great hurry to be off for a tramp, and wanting Dick to go with him. They were to meet another boy and of course there was not a minute to lose. Dick had to rush to finish his work, and when it was done, quite forgetful of all his good resolves, he hastily flung the old axe down on a heap of rubbish near at hand and scampered off with his friend Jim as if for dear life.

“Dear me!” said the old axe, half aloud. “I didn’t think it would come so soon. But life is so hard I shall be glad to go, and I only wish——” But the sentence was never finished, for there was a rustling in the air, a flutter of wings, and a circle of dainty fays floated down around it, and bore it away to the beautiful fairyland for which the poor creature had so longed.

Dick came home from his tramp tired, and was so busy talking and eating his

supper, that he never thought of the old axe until it was almost bedtime. Then he was vexed enough at himself for forgetting it and had half a mind to go out and look for it, even at that late hour. But it was a dark night; he was almost afraid to do so, and at last persuaded himself that some of the men had brought it in, as they had several times before. So he went to bed, and though his conscience troubled him, was soon asleep.

The first thing in the morning he hurried out to the tool house, but the old axe was not there, nor was it to be found about the grove. No one had seen it, nor could he remember just where he had left it, and he began to tremble.

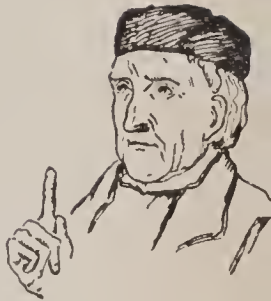
“I saw you throw it down on that heap of damp rubbish,” said the big foreman, with a frown; “but when the day’s work was done, and I went around looking after the things, it was not there. So I supposed that some of the men had picked it up and carried it in.”



But it was not so; it seemed to have completely vanished; and then Dick's trouble began. The workmen shook their fingers at him; the big foreman gave him a good, round scolding; and his dear old grandpa made him feel that he was the most careless, forgetful little boy that ever lived.

“I would not have taken one hundred dollars for that faithful old axe,” he said sternly. “It was a family heirloom, and there was an old saying that nobody but one of the name could use it. So I let you take it, after my careful charge to you, and now see what's come! But worse still, it shows what stuff you are made of, and unless you turn straight around, and face right the other way, you will be of no use to yourself or anybody else, not worthy to bear the honorable name of your grandparents.

“Now, I shall send you straight home, this very day, and you may leave your nickels, and the handsome gold dollars I



meant to give you for a birthday present, behind you. I will keep them until I know that you deserve them, and that will not be until you have your wits about you, and show that you have a little will and a little determination. I have heard how you neglect your things at home, how wasteful, careless, and forgetful you are, and you need not come here again until you can show me that all this is changed. You have had a hard lesson, but learn it by heart, so thoroughly that you can never forget it, and there will be the making of a man in you.''

So poor Dick's visit came to a sudden, sorry end, and he went home with a sad heart, full of regret and shame, realizing as he never had before how much of sorrow his foolish ways could bring him. He went to work in earnest to really do better, not in the half-hearted way he had done so many times before, but with all his mind and will, and succeeded so well that the boys and his other friends

gradually saw a great change in him, which all agreed was a wonderful improvement.

He often thought, almost with tears, of the missing old axe, wishing from the bottom of his heart that he could know what had become of it. He sometimes dreamed about it, but never did the dream fairy whisper the secret she knew so well, that it had been transformed into a fairy, ever ready to help boys and girls who tried to do right.

But so it was; its years of true, faithful service had brought their reward; and "the old axe helve" was a thing of the past.







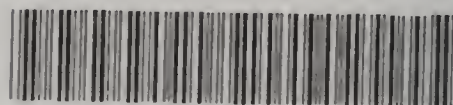








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